A ROMANCE.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN, Author of "A Gentleman of France," "The House of the Wolf," &c.

toppright, 1854, by Stanley J. Weyman.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE END OF THE DAY. Ludwig was found dead in the hall, slain on the spot by the explosion of the petard which had driven in the door. His two comrades, less fortunate, were taken alive, and, with the hag who kept the house, were hanged within the bour on the elms in St. Austin's churchyard. The Waldgrave and Neumann, though woundeds the former by the explosion and the latter in his desperate resistance, were also eastured and held for trial. But Travelas, the ehlef of all, arch-tempter and arch-traitor vanished in the confusion of the assault and made his escape, no one knew how. Some said that he want by war of a secret passage known only to himself; some, that he had a compact with the devil, and vanished by his ald; some, that he had friends in the crowd, who sheltered him. For my own part, I set down his disappearance to his own cool wits and Iron nerves, and asked for no further ex-

For an hour the little dark court behind the Ill-omened house seethed with a furious mob. No sooner were one party satisfied than another swept in with links and torches and ransacked the house, tore down the panels, groped through the cellars, and probed the chimneys; all with so much rage, and with gestures so wild and extravagant, that an indifferent spectator might have thought them mad. Nor were those who did these things of the lowest class; on the contrary, they were mostly burghers and traders, solld townsfolk and their apprentices, men who, with wives and daughters and sweethearts, could not sleep at nights for thoughts of storm and sack. and in whom the bare idea that they had among them wretches ready to open the gates was enough to kindle every flerce and

eruel passion.
I stood for a time unnoticed, gazing at the scene in a kind of stupor, which the noise and tumult made worse. Little by little however, the cool air did its work; memory and reason began to return, and, with anxiety awaking in my breast, I looked round for Herr Krann. Presently I sawhim coming toward me with a leather flack in his hand. 'Drink some of this," he said, looking at me

Why so wild, man?" The girl ?" I stammered. I had not speken before since my release, and my voice sounded strange and unnatural.

She is safe." he answered, nodding kindly. "I was at my window when she swung herself on to the roof by the rope which you left hang-ing. Donner! you may be proud of her! But she was distraught, or she would not have tried such a feat. As it was, she must have fallen if I had not seen her. I called out to her to stand still and hold fast; and my sen, who had come up stairs, ran down for a twelve-toot pike. We thrust that out to her, and, holding it, she tottered along the pike to my window, where I caught her skirts, and we

dragged her in in a moment."

I shuddered. I remembered how I had suffered, hanging above the yawning street. " I suppose that it was she who warned you and

sent you here?" I said huskily.
"No," he answered. "The house had been watched for two days, though I did not tell you so. We had been suspicious of it for a week or more, or I should not have helped you into a neighbor's house as I did. However, all is well that ends well; and though we have not got that bloodthirsty viliain to hang, we have opped his plans for this time."

He was just proposing that, if I now felt able, I should return to my lady's, when a rush from the house almost carried me off my feet. In a moment we were pushed aside and squeezed against the wall. A hoarse yell, like the cry of a wild beast, rose from the crowd, a hundred hands were brandished in the air, weapons appeared as if by magic. The glare of es falling on the raging sea of men picked out here and there a seared face, a wandering eye; but for the most part the mob seemed to feel only one passion—the thirst for blood.

What is it?" I shouted in Herr Krapp's ear. the prisoners," he answered. "They are bringing them out. Your friend the Wald-grave and the other. They And truly it was a grim thing to see men wover the shoulders of the guard, leaping at them wolf-like, with burning eyes and gnashing teen striving to tear them with naked hands. Down he nar-row passage to the churchyard the soldiers had an easy task, but in the open graveyard. whither Herr Krapp and I followed slowly, the party were flung this way and that and tossed o and fro-though they were strong men, armed, and numbering three or four scorelike a cork floating on rapids. Their way lay through the Ritter Strasse, and I went with a so far, Though it was midnight the town, easily roused from its feverish sleep, was up and waking. Scared faces looked from windows, from eaves, from the very roofs, Men who had enatched up their arms and left their clothes peered from doorways. The roar of the mob, as it swayed through narrow ways. rose and fell by turns, now loud as the boom ng of cavern waves, now so low that it left the

air quivering. When it died away at last toward the Burg. I took leave of Herr Krapp, and hurried to my lady's, passing the threshold in a tumuit of memories, of emotions, and thankfuiness. could fancy that I had lived an age since I last erossed it—sight hours before. The house, like every other house, was up. Herr Krapp had sent the news of my escape before me, and I looked forward with a tremulous, foolish expectation that was not far from tears to the

first words two women would say to me. But though men and women met me with hearty greetings on the threshold, on the stairs, on the landing, and Steve clapped me on the back until I coughed again, they did not appear. It was after midnight, but the house was still lighted as if the sun had just set, and I went up to the long parior that looked on the street. My heart beat, and my face grew hot as I entered; but I might have spared myself. There was only Fraulein Max in the room.

She came towards me, blinking. "So Sancho Panza has turned knight-errant." she said with a sneer. " as well as Governor?" I did not understand her, and I asked gently

where my lady was. She laughed in a gibing war. "You beg for stone and expect bread," she said, still outing me. "You care no more where my lady is than where I am! You mean where is your little Romanist chit, with her white face

and wheedling ways." I saw that she was bursting with spite; that Marie's return and the stir made about it had been too much for her small, jealous nature, and I was not for answering her. She was out favor; let her spit, her venom would be gone the sooner. But she had not done yet.

Of course she has had some wonderful adwentures!" she continued, her face working with malice and ill nature. "And we are all to admire her. But to a lover does she not seem somewhat blandala, raquin! Here to-day and gone to-morrow. She has happily escaped from her old friends! And just, it seems in time. Dolus lates in generalibus, the Countess lady, her eyes gleaming with scorn. "But dolus later in rivernious too, Master Martin as you will find some day! Oh. a great escape, a heroic escape-but from her friends!"

'If you mean to infer. Fraulein-" I said "Oh. Tinfer nothing. I leave you to do that!" she replied, smirking. "But pigs go back to the dirt, I read. You know where rou found

her and the brat!" eried, trembling with indignation, "if it had

she snapped. " However, keep your eyes shut, If it pleases you.

My raised voice had reached the Counters's chamber. And as Fraulein Max, siggling spitefully, went out through one door the other opened and stood open. My anger melted away. I stood trembling, and looking, and waiting.

They came in together-my lady with her arm round Marie-the two wom on I loved best in the world. I have heard it said that evil runs to svil as drops of water to one another. But the saying is equally true of good Little had I thought a few weeks back that my lady would ever come to treat the poor outcast girl from Klink's as a friend; nor I believe were there ever two people less alike—and ret both good—than these two. But that one quality good—than these two. But that one quality—which is so quick to see its own face mirrored in another's heart—had brought them close together; had made each to recognize the other, so that, as they came in to me, there was not a line of my lady's queenly figure, not a curve of her head, not a glance of her proud eyes, that was not in sympathy with the girl who clung to her—Romanist etranger, low bors an she was. I looked and worshipped. I would have changed nothing. I found the dignity of the one as beautiful as the dependence of the other.

Not a word was spoken. I had wondered

would have changed nothing. I found friedlynity of the one as beautiful as the dependence
of the other.

Not a word was spoken. I had wondered
what they would say to me—and they said
nothing. But my ledy put her into my arms,
and she clung to me, hiding her face.

The Countess laughed, but there were tears
in her voice. Be happy, she said. Child,
from the day you were lost he never forgave
me. Martin, see where the rope has cut her
wrist. She did that to save you.

And myself! Marie whispered.

No!" my lady said cheerfully. I will not
have itself the did you will spoil both him and
my love story. For testa, per terram you have
sought one another. You have gone down sub
oren. You have bought one another tack from
death, as Alcestis bought one another tack from
death, as Alcestis bought her husband Admetus. At the first it was a gold chain that linked
you together, soon—

I felt Marie start in my arms. She freed
herself gently, and looked at my lady with
trouble in her eyes. Oh, she said, I had
forgotten!"

I looked at her jealously. "What?" the

I feit Marie start in my arma. She freed herself gently, and looked at my lady with trouble in her crea. "Oh," she said. I had forgotten."

I looked at her jealously. "What?" the Countess said. I think that she also was surprised. "What have you forgotten?" The chitul? Marie replied. clasping her hands. I should have told you before: "You have had no time to tell us much!" my lady said, smiling. "And you are trembling like an aspen now. Sit down, girl. Sit down at once." she continued imperatively. Or, no: You shall go to your bed now, and we will hear it in the morning."

But Marie seemed so much distressed by this that my lady diu not insist. The girl began to speak, and in a few minutes told us a fale so remarkable that consideration of her fatigue was swallowel up in wonder.

It was the night i was lost, she said: the night when the slarm was given on the hill, and werodedown it so fast, my lady. I clung to my saddle—it was all I could do—and remember only a dreadful shock, from which I recovered to find myself lying in the road, shaken and brulsed. Fear of those whom I helieved to be behind us was still uppermost in my mind, and I rose, giddy and confused as I was, my one thought to get off the road, if I could. As I staggered toward the bank, however. I stumbled over something. To my horror I found that it was a woman. She was dead or senseless, but she had a child in her arms; it cried as i feit her face. I dared not stay, but, on the impulse of the moment—I could not move the woman, and I expected our pursuers to ride down the hill every instant—I snatched the child up and ran into the brushwood. After that I only remember stumbling on blindly through bog and fern. often falling in my haste, but always rising and pushing on I heard cries behind me, but they white birch trunks below gilmmered like pale ghosts. Something stirred in my arms. Hocked down, and I saw the face of my child—the child I found in the wood have her work of the road was the poor creature who used to beg at our house in the camp. Mar

ceight, the pleasure which frembled in her face took me by surprise. I stared at her, thinking that I had never seen her look so beautiful.

Then, as Marie answered, her face fell. "I do not know," Marie said. "After a time I found my way back to the road, but I had scarcely set foot on it when Gen. Tzerclas's troopers surprised me. I gave myself up for lost; I thought that he would kill me. torture me—anything. But he only gibed at me. until I almost died of fear, and then he bade one of his men take me up behind him. They carried me on with them to the campoutside this city, and three days ago brought me in and shut me un in that dreadful house."

But the child?" my lady cried, almost fercely. What of it?"

"He took it from me." Marie said. "I have never seen it since, but I think that he has it in the camp."

"Does he know whose child it is?"

"Yes, I told him." Marie replied. "Otherwise they might have lost it die on the road, my lady. It was a burden to them."

The Count is successful the see is life there is hope, she said, bravely. Martin, here is more work for you. We will leave no stone unturned. Count is uncanastein must know, of course, but I will tell hop myself. If we could get the child hack and hand it safe and sound to its father it would be—Perhaps the Waldgrave may be able to help us?"

"I think that he will need all his wits to help himself." I said bluntly.

"Why?" I cried in astonishment. "Have you heard nothing about him, my lady?"

Nothing, she said.

Not that he was taken in that house, in Tzerclas's company." I answered, "and is a prisoner at his moment at the Burg, charged, along with that villain Neumann, with a plot to admit the enemy into the city?"

My lady sat down, her face pale, her aspect the anged as the country-side changes when the sun goes down. "He was there," she muttered.

"With Tzerclas."

Inod del.

"The Waldgrave Rupert—my cousin?" she murmured again, as if the thing passed the

with Trerclas."

I nodded.

The Waldgrave Rupert—my cousin?" she murmured again, as if the thing passed the bounds of reason.

Yes, my lady." I said, as gently as I could. But he is mad. I am assured he is mad. He has been mad for weeks past. We know it. We have known it. Bealdes, he knew nothing. I am sure, of Trerclas's plans. He was a mere puppet, a tool in his hands."

But he was there!" she cried. "He was one of those two men they carried by? One of those two men they carried by? One of those is a moment stricken and silent, the ghost of herself. Then, in a volce little above a whisper, she asked what they would do to him.

I shrugged my shoulders. To be candid, I

ghost of herself. Then, in a voice little above a whisper, she asked what they would do to him.

I shrugged my shoulders. To be candid. I had not given the Waidgrave much thought, though in a way he had saved my life. Now, the longer I considered the matter the less room for comfort I found. Certainly he was mail. We knew him to be mad. But how were we to persuade others? For weeks his bodily health had been good; he had carried himself indoors and out of doors like a same man; he had done duty in the trenches, and mixed, though grudgingly, with his fellows, and gone about the ordinary business of life, moodily indeed, but sensibly. How in the face of all this, could we prove him mad, or make his Judges, stern men, fighting with their tacks to the wall, see the man as we saw him?

I suppose that there will be a trial? my lady said at last, breaking the silence.

I told her yea, at once. The town is in a frenzy of rage. I added. The guards had a hard task to save them to-night. But perhaps Prince Bernard of Welmar.

"Bon't count on him," my lady answered, curtly. He is as hard as he is gallant. He would have his brother if he thought him guilty of such a thing as this. No: our only hope is in. She heeltated an instant and then ended the sentence abruptly. "Count Leuchlenstein. You must go to him, Martin, at y, or a soon after as you can catch him. He is a met man and he has watched the Waldgrave and noticed him to be odd. The court will hear him. If not, I know no better plan."

will hear him. If not, I know no better rian."

Nor did I, and I sand I would go: and shortly
afterward I took my leave. But as I crept to
my hed at last the clocks striking two, and
my head athrob with excitement and gratitude. I wondered what was in my lady's mind,
itsmembering the Waldgrave's gallant presence and mainly grace recalling his bopes, his
courage, and his overweening confidence, as
displayed in those last days at Heritzburg, I
could feel no surerise that so and a downfall
touched her heart. But was that all? Once
had deemed him the man to win her. Then
I had seen good cause to think otherwise.
Now again I began to fancy that his mishaps
might be crowned with a happiness which
fortune had dealed him in his days of success.

CHAPTER XXXL.

or and the brat!"

"I know where we should all be to-day." I late as it was when I fell asleep—for these thoughts long kept me wasting—I was up and on my way to Count Leuchtenatein's before the bells roug ?. It was the 17th of August, and the sun already high flashed light from a

hundred oriels and casements. Below in the streets it sparkled on pikeheads and steel cape; shows, it zdittered on vane and weathercock, it burnished old bells hune high in air, and decked the waking city with a nundred points of splendor. Everywhere the cool orightness of early morning met the ere, and spoke of things, I could not see—the dewon forest leaves, the Werra where it shoals among the stones.

But as I went I saw things that belied the sunshine, things to which I could not shut my ores. I met men whose meagre forms and shut he character with the character of the day. Wan, pincip same and the character of the day. Wan, pincip somes, we made to belong to belated much brids rather than to belong to belated much brids rather than to belong to belated much brids rather than do long was offered the some of the day of the

ien the pleases. I said holdly, the Count's many the portice than my choire rose a fitter.

"Because he has not been himsel." I replied that the portice that my choire rose a fitter and the portice of the portion of the portion of the war in the portice of the portion of the war in the property. Besides, this matter is a city match that we have to do with it. Hard, re, he continued, simost querulously. It is an invidious thing to medid with tiem. We of invide the property of the property

mood, and I promise nothing. But I will do
my beat. And now 20, my friend. I have business."
So saying, he dismissed me in a manner so
like his usual mannor that I wondered whether
I had deceived myself. And I finally left the
room in a haze of uncertainty. However, I had
succeeded in the object of my visit; that was
something. He had taken care to guard his
promise, but I did not doubt that he would
perform it. For there are men whose lightest
word is weightier than another's nond; and I
took it, I scarcely know why, that the Count
belonged to these.

Nevertheless, I saw things, as I went through
the sireets that fed my doubts. While famino
menaced the poorer people, the righer held a
sack, with all the horrors which lingdeburg
had suffered in equal dread. The discovery
of Neumann's poot had taught them how small
a matter might expose them to that extremity;
and as I went along I saw scarcely a burgher
whose beew was not sternly sel, no magistrate
whose beew was not along it as made in the flath haus at I oclock, the hour fixed for
the lingury, I was not surprised to find: these
signs even more conspicuous. The streets
were throughed, and agiy looks and suspicious
glabess met us on all sides; mersir because it
was known that the Waldgrave had been
much at my lady's house. We were made to
feel that Aurentherg was a free city, and that
we were no more than its guests. It is true,
no one lossilied us, but the growd which filled
the open space before the town house ered us
with so little favor that I was glad to think
with so little favor that I was glad to think

that the magistrates with all their independence must still be guided by the sword, and that the sword was the King of Sweden's. My lady, I saw, shared my apprehensions. But she came of a stock not easily daunted, and would as soon have dreamed of putting out one of her eyes because it displeased a chance acquaintance as of deserting a friend because the Nurembergers frowned upon him. Her eyes starkled and her color rose as we proceeded; the ominous silence which greeted us only stiffened her carriage. By the time we reached the Rath-haus I knew not whether to fear more from her indiscretion or hope more from her courage.

The court sat in private, but orders that we should be admitted has been given; and after a brief delay we were ushered into the hall of audience, a lofty manelled chamber, carved and ferted, having six deep bays, and in each a window of stained glass. A number of ecuttheons and banners depended from the roof; at orde end a huge double engle wearing the imperial crown pranced in all the pomp of gold and thetures; and behind the court, which consisted of the Chief Magistrate and four colleagues, the sword of justice was displayed. But that which atruck me far more than these things was the sillness that provalled, which was such that, though there were alozen persons present when we entered, the creaking of our books as we walked up the floor and the becoming of distant cannon seemed to be equally nuclible.

The Chief Magistrate rose and received my lady with due escemony, ordering a chair to be placed for her, and requesting her to be scated at the end of the distable leshind which he sat. I took my stand at a respectful distance ichind her, and so far we had nothing to complain of, but I felt my spirit sensibly dashed both by the stuiness and the smillers and almost forbidding faces of the five sensibly dashed both by the stuiness and the smillers and almost forbidding faces of the five sensibly dashed both by the sound for count between the stendants stood by the dours, but neither the hing

any of the common circumstances of such tribunals as are usual in Germany, I could not
find them.

I think that my lady was somewhat taken
aback too, but she did not befray it After
courfeously thanking the Council for granting
her an audience, she explained that her object in seeking it was to state certain facts on
behalf of the Waidgrave liunert of Weimer,
her kinsman, and to offer the evidence of her
steward, a person of respectability.

We are quite willing to hear your Exceliency," the Chief Magistrate answered in a
grave dry voice. "Itur perhaps you will first
inform us to what these facts tend? It may
shorten the langury."

"Some weeks ago," my lady answered with
dignity. 'the Waidgrave Rupert was wounded
in the head. From that time he has not been
himself."

"Does your Excellency mean that he is not
aware of his actions?"

"No" my lady answered quietly. "I do not
go as far as that."

"Or that he is not aware in what company he
is?" the Magistrate persisted.

"Ot that he is ignorant at any time where

"Or that he is ignorant at any time where

"The Magistrate persisted.
"On no."
"Or that he is ignorant at any time where he is?"
No, but—"
One moment?" The Chief Magistrate stopped her with a courteous geature. "Fardon me. In an instant your Excel.ency—to whom I assure you that the court are obliged, since we desire only to do justice—will see to what my questions lead. I crave leave to put one more, and then to put the same question to your steward. It is this: Bo you admit, Countess, at that the Waldgrave Hupert was last night in the house with Tzercias, Neumann, and the other persons inculpated?"
"Certainly." my lady answered frankly. "I amso informed. I did not know that that was in question," she added, looking round with a slightly puzzled air.
"And you, my friend?" The Chief Magistrate fixed me with his small, keen eyes. "But if first what is your name?"
"Martin Schwartz."
"Yes, I remember. The man who was saved from the villains. We could have no better evidence. What do you say then? Was the Waldgrave Eupert leat night in this house—the house in question?"
"I saw him in the house," I answered warily. In the hall. But he was not in the room with Tzercias and Newmann, the room in which I saw the maps and plan."
"A fair answer." the burgomaster replied, nodding his head, "and your evidence might real well avail the accused. But the fact is—tix to this point we desire to call your Excellence's attention." he continued, turning with a dusty smile to my lady. The Waldgrave steadily denies that he was in the house at all."
"He denies that he was there?" my lady exclaimed, "But was he not arrested in the house."
"Yes," the Chief Magistrate answered dryly, "be was." And he looked at us in silence." house."
Yes," the Chief Magistrate answered dryly.
"be waa." And he looked at us in silence.
"But—what does he say?" my lady asked

he was." And he looked at us in silence.

"But-what does he say?" my lady asked faintly.

He affects to be ignorant of everything that has occurred in connection with this house. He pretends that he does not know how he comes to be in custody: that he does not know many things that have lately occurred. For instance, three days and, the Burgomaster continued with a chill smile. It had the honor of meeting him at the king of Sweden's quarters and taking with him. He says to day that I am a stranger to him, that we did not meet that we did not talk, and that he does not know where the King of sweden's quarters are."

"Then," my lady said sorrowfully, "he is worse than he was. He is now quite mad."

I am atraid not, that Magistrate replied, shaking his head gravely. He is sane enough on other points. Only he will answer no questions that relate to this conspiracy, or to his guilt."

"He is not guilty," the Counters cried im-

"He is not guilty." the Counters cried im-petuously. "Believe me, however strangely every year. petuously

our appearance with a harsh murmur grew silent under her scornful eye, and partiy out of complaisance, because they now lelt sure of their vicitim, defied their caps to her and made noon for us to pass, Every moment I expected her to break down, to weep or cayer her face. But she passed through all proudly and walked unfaitering back to our lodging.

There on the threshold she did pause at last just when I wished her to co on. She stood and turned her head listening. What is that? she said.

"Canson." I answered hastily. "In the trenches, my lady."

No. "she said quietly, It is shouting. They have read the sentonce."

She said in more; not another word; and she went in quietly and up stairs to her room. But I wondered and feared. Such composure as this seemed to be unnatural. Almest cruel. Fur I could not think of the Waldgrave myself without a lump coming in my throat. I could not face the sunshine. And Stave and the men, when they heard, were no better. We stood inside the doorway in a little knot, and looked at one another nourningly. A man who passed and did not know the house or who we were stopped to tell us." at the sentence would he carried out at susset; and rieshed to have given us the new, wont whistling down the stale curry street.

Here growled out an eath. "Who are these people. he said sava-elr, that they should say my lady nay?" shen the tour ass stoops to sak a life—himmel is she not to have it?"

"Not here." I said, shaking my head.

"And why not?" he asked.

"Because we are not at Heritzberg now." I answered sadis.

"But—are we nobody here?" he growled in a rage. "Are we going to sit still and let them kill my lady sown cousin?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "We have done all we can." I said peevishly.

"But here is some one can say may to these eurs!" he cried. And he spat contemptuously into the street. He had a countryman's accorn of townsfelk. "Why don't we take the law into our own hands. Master Martin?"

"It is likely," I said. "One against ten thousand! And for the matter of that, if the peeple are angry, it is not without cause. Did you see the man under the archway?"
Steve nodded. "Dead," he muttered.

"Starved." I said. "He was a cripple. First the cripples. Then the sound men. Life is cheap here."

Stave nodded. "Dead," he muttered.
"Starved, "I said. "He was a cripple, First
the cripples. Then the sound men. Life is
cheap here."

Steve swore another oath. "Those are curs.
But our man—why den't we go to the King of
swoden." I suppose he is a sort of cousin to
my lady?"

We have as good as gone to him." I answered. At another time I might have smiled
at Steve's notion of my lady's importance.
"We have been to one equally as able to help
us. And he has done us no good. And for the
matter of that—there is not time to go to the
campand back."
Stave began to tume and fret. The minutes
went like lead. We were all miserable togother. Outside, the kennel simmered in the
eun: the low numble of the cannon filled the
air. I hated Nuremberg, the streets, the toople, the heat. I wished I had never seen a
stime of it.

Tresently one of the women came down
stairs to us. "Do you know if there has been
any fighting in the trenches to day " she
asked."
Nothing to speak of." I answered, "as far Asked.
Nothing to speak of," I answered, "as far as I have heard. Why?"
The Counters wishes to know," she said.
"You have not heard of any one being killed?"
"Nor, wounded?"

She nodded and turned away. I called after her to know the reason of her questions, but she flitted up stairs without giving me an answer, and left us looking at one another. In a second, however, she was down again.

"Mr lady will see no one." she said, with a face of myster. You understand, Master Martin? But, if any come, of importance, you can take her will." can take her will."

I nodded. The woman cast a lingering look into the street, and went up stairs again.

(To be continued.) THE EXPEDITION TO LABRADOR.

Pref. Hits Will Lend a Party Into the Un knows I terior. Among the various expeditions this year

which have for their object northern exploration, the one commanded by Prof. Charles E. Hite of the University of Pennsylvania to Labrador is of much interest. Dr. Dawson in his essay upon the unexplored parts of Canada, called attention to the fact that the greatest area of America still almost unknown, lies within the boundaries of Labra-der. It is the intention of I'rof. Hite to take a party of ten men to the interior of this country for the purpose of exploration and scientific research. The party will be taken north in the steamer Newfoundland by Dr. F. A. Cook of Brooklyn, who will soon be on his way to the Arctic regions. The explorers will be landed at Rigolette. Labrador, about July 4, whence a boat will take them to Goose Bay, at the mouth of the Hamilton or Grand River.

Here the farty will divide. Four men. Including Prof. lite, will advance up the river, earrying their boats and provisions around the numerous and dangerous rapids. The remainder of the party will remain at headquarters on Goose Bay and explore the region in that neighborhood, paying special attention to collecting the flors and fauna of the country.

Excursions will be made in the Mealy Mountains forgeological purposes. Mr. Low of the Canadian Geological Survey has found indications of vast deposits of the richest iron ore, and it is not at all improbable that more valuable mineral will be found on more extended research. Prof. Hite and his assistants, after reaching the Grand Falls of the Grand River, which were found by Mr. Bryant to be 318 feet high, will determine their nature, elevation, geological, and other features.

After this short reconnoissance the party will return to the Ninnipi River, and explore that to Lake Asswulpi, and from there to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Should there be no southern outlet to this lake the party will pin in the collecting division at Goose Bar, where they will be picked up by Dr. Cook on his return from Greenland. Great care is being exercised in selecting material, such as camping utensis, provisions, and boats for the journey. A large number of the articles used by the expedition will be of aluminum. Prof. Hite, though a young man, has made a reputation as a naturalist and collector, having a wide range of fravei. He served as naturalist on the Peary relief expedition in 1889. steamer Newfoundland by Dr. F. A. Cook of Brooklyn, who will soon be on his way to the

BIRDS TO BE SPARED. The Harm They Do Small Compared to the Good They Bring About.

"No decent person who knows the value of birds that sing, whether their notes be harsh or sweet-voiced, will ever kill a singing bird." said a naturalist. "Thousands of birds that are of inestimable value to the farmer, as well as to the town dweller who grows fruit or

The farmer, the gardener, and the fruit grower should know more about the birds that nest and sing and flit about their premises, for then they would defend and protect them. and in time have them back in something like their old-time numbers and variety. How often nowadays does one see the saucy, richvoiced, nervous little wren? A few years ago it was seen and heard everywhere, but it must be a favored locality that it visits now. Yet the little wren was a most ravenous devourer of the pestiferous and destructive cutworm of the gardens, and did great'work toward lessening the damage done by the post of the soil. The bright little bluebird clears the air and he ground of thousands of codlin moths and canker worms during a season.

The bright little bluebird clears the air and the ground of thousands of coddin moths and canker worms during a season.

"The crow blackbird has no pence at the hands of man, yet a flock of them in a short time will clear a newly planted field of all its hosts of destructive here that the pluch times up. The great American the crow to tryit once. Notifier the blackbird nor the crow cares as much for eor as it does for grubs, and if farmers would seatler corn about their fields instead of putting up acaredrows and the like, those misunderstood bring would never pull up a hill of his planting. The chances are, any how, that if the agriculturist will take the troutlete examine a hill of young corn that he charges the crow with pulling up, he will induce that it was cut off by a grub of which the planting of the grub, not the corn.

"The robin, it cannot be denied, is a sore trial to the man who has fruit trees and bushes, but if he could only bring himself to stop and think how many thousands of ravaging insects that are the especial enemies of his trees and bushes that the robin destroys, both before the fruit has ripened and for weeks after it is gone, he would not begrude the bird the few quarts of cherries or berries that it levies on as partial satisfaction of the debt the grower owes him. The same may be achieved the live of the same may be achieved the same untold benefit.

"The climbing birds are the different varieties of woodpeckers, and they are constantly befriending growing things. Whenever a woodpecker is heard tapping on a tree if is the death field in the larve of one destructive lasest, but they do the tarmer untold benefit.

"The climbing birds are the different varieties of woodpeckers, and they are constantly befriending growing things. Whenever a woodpecker is heard tapping on a tree if is the death field of the proportion of the season of the season of the proportion of the pro The crow blackbird has no peace at the

outhouses to an extent that a small army of the most vigilant eats could not surpass. As to the hawk, the farmer remembers that on some occasion one carried off a chicken for him, and therefore the fact that the big scaring bird daily kills many field nice, grasshoppers, makes, lizards, beetles and other vermin can-not be set up in its defence. The proportion of hawks or own that kill chickens is small compared with those who keep down the deadly enemies of the farmer's crops.

OPALS DON'T HO IN THE BOWERT. The Reason Is Part Superstition and Part Inability to be Paked,

Among the gems and precious stones that make the Bowers shop windows brilliant it is very seldom that an opal can be found. When one is seen it is pretty sure to be small, opaque, and lustreless. Diamonds, sapphires, rubles, emeralds, pearls, amethysts, garnets, earbuncies, topazes, and many other jewels, together with the imitation thereof, can be found in plenty, but the opal is a rare specimen. A man who spends much of his time in watching the pawnshops and sale stores of that thoroughfare for good bargains asked a pawnbroker why it was that in three years he had never seen a good opal displayed. He got this explanation:

Opals don't go here. They won't sell much in this part of town, and when we do get hold of a good one, which is seldom, we don't put it in the window, but take it to some up-town jeweller. The reason is this, in my opinion. Most people are superstitious about opals, particularly the classes with which we mostly deal, east siders and sporting men. l'eople who live on the east side don't wear opals. deal, east siders and sporting men. I cople who live on the east side don't wear opals, generally speaking, on account of the ill luck that is supposed to go with them. Most gamblers, too, believe that the many-colored gems bring had luck, but not all. Those who do wear them are superstitious about them in this respect, that they regard the opal as a sort of personal mascot, and, having once got one, they will part with everything class first. I have known many a gambler to go hungry with a \$200 opal on his finger or in his sear?.

"They say that the stone foretells their luck, paling when bad luck is ahead, and growing brilliant becore good fortune. The gambler with an opal will often go a week or more without playing because his opal is dull in color. The fact is that opals depend for their color largely on the weather. When there is moisture in the air they brighten, and in dry times they are dull. The few coals that the pawn shops do catch are mostly from women's rings, and are small and poor in quality."

Such were the views of the shopkeeper. But there is one reason for the scarcity of opals in the Bowery which he found it expedient not to mention. A ward detective who is familiar with the region gives this explanation:

"You can't fake an opal. Diamonds and rubies and samphires and almont any other stone can be imitated so well that only an expert can tell the difference. The llowery windows are full of real stones put right next to fake stones. When a greeny comes in to buy he is likely to nay for the real thing and have it changed right under his nose. But anybody that's got two eyes can tell a good opal from a poor one. There isn't much chance of a pawn broker selling an opal for four tumes what it's worth, and there's no chance of his selling an imitation. Consequently opals are not popular in the Bowery shops."

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OUR AFRO-AMERICANS.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS OF NEWS ABOUT OUR COLORED CHIERAS.

How the Afre-Americans Have Prospered in Virginia-Colleges, Schools, and Pro-fresional Schools Sautained by Them in the Carstry-Some Well-Known Men.

The Afro-American population of Virginia is \$50,000; 45 per cent. of it can read. The Afro-Americans have four colleges, thirteen high schools, twenty-five doctors, thirty lawyers, four building associations, 3,000 mechanics, six Young Men's Christian Associations, fifteen Odd Fellows and Masonie balls, nine militars companies, two insurance companies, tweive newspapers, two land companies, fifty men worth \$10,000, forty stores with stock varying between \$1,000 and \$10,000, and one lank. -The Normal School, near Savannah, re-

ceives \$8,000 per annum from the State of Georgia and \$10,000 from the Stater Fund. It is an industrial school, of which W. H. Counell is principal.

-There are 20,000 Afro-American teachers. forty-one normal schools, fifty-three academies, twenty-two colleges and universities, and four schools of dentistry and pharmacy is the country.

-George Washington Murray of the Black district of South Carolina is the only Afro-American in Congress. He has made a fair record. Ex-Congressman Robert Smalls is boss of Mr. Murray's district. He has been recently superseded as Collector of Customs at Beaufort, and threatens to contest the seat in Con-gress held by Mr. Murray. Mr. Smalls is not an educated man. Ever since he ran the rebel steamboat Planter into the Union fleet off Charleston he has been considered a hero. He is a man of extraordinary shrewdness. He has made large wealth out of his blockade exploits. If he decides to turn down Congressman Murray in the Nominating Convention he can do it, but he cannot be elected at the polls. The enemies he has made will see to that.

-The African Methodist Episcopal Church

has a membership of 252,000, with 4,124 church edifices with a sesting capacity of 1,100,838, an average of 281 to a building. It sustains one central church organ, one Sunday school journal, and one missionary journal. The publication department is located at Phila-

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